VON KLEIST

LETTER FROM ROBERT CLAYTON BUCK

May 9, 1967

Dear Ric:

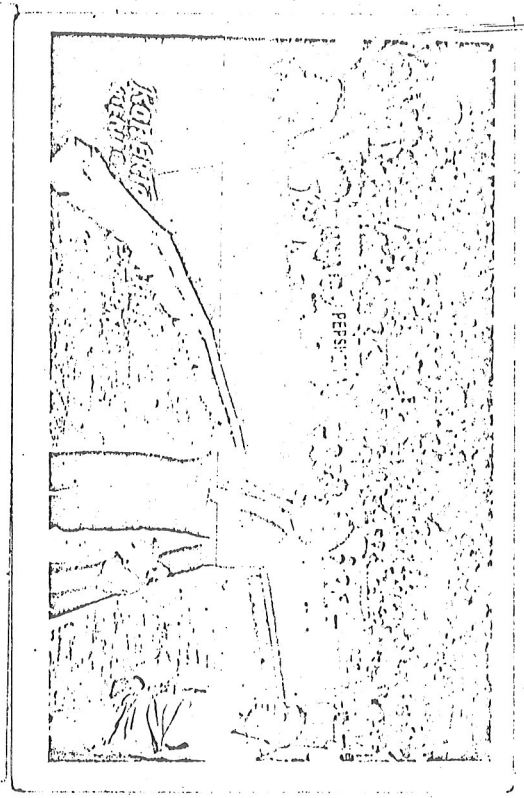
Recieved your letter dated May 4. My first impulse of course, was to answer it before any sudden move in environment takes place. Gladys and I are now on a day to day communicative thing with the United States Government as to the aforementioned subject. The move could come tomorrow, in a week or in a month. As to the change, we are at the whims and commands of Big Brother, with very little to say about the subject. We can only request; diplomatically yet. Of course, I am completely prepared for any possibility, whim and caprice of the mighty one.

As to my desires for the entering into the commercial field of excelling myself in print, this will undoubtedly have to be postponed for a short period of time. For Big Brother frowns upon the free and flowing thoughts of the incarcerated political prisoner. He possesses arms to combat physical rebellion. He possesses force to prevent the rising of unity among the free thinkers. But he does not possess neither of the two to contest and combat the vivid truth, and because of this lack, he would never allow one such as I to commence in spreading the gospel (my kind of gospel) to the sheep who unknowingly graze upon the synthetic pasture of wisdom. He is knowingly aware that I would indeed lead them into the righteous pasture of wisdom. Once there he would beconstantly exposed to consistent explanation of which would not be to his particular liking.

Then again, perhaps, this is really not the proper or secure thing to do. Sheep have a tendency to panic when the wolfpack is openly revealed to them. I often wonder if they are ready for such an exposure. History is deceiving, and the deception of history has always led them to what has seemed to them, the brightest and greenest pasture. It would be like telling a child on Christmas Eve that Santa Claus is a rat-fink and that no toys shall appear come the dawn. I really do not think they are really ready or will be ready to face reality for some time to come. Shall we allow the pasteled color of fantasy to continue and eventually descend into complete and frightening robotic existence, or begin to build the barrier against it.

At times I think of myself as being selfish, but also I begin to question as to what side of me is selfish. Is it selfish to remain the rebel and the fugitive, or is it selfish not to allow them to captivate all in fear that if they control all existence, they shall also swallow and devour my individualism. This has always been a difficult and interesting analysis of the present status. It is somewhat like the gigantic icebergs in the north and south poles. If one is to melt and destroy them too rapidly, then in the desolvement, the excessive cubic feet of water shall undoubtedly rise and rush over the land. If the iceberg is permitted to remain, then too, it shall eventually begin to cover the land. What is the lesser of the two evils Ric? Hellava hypothesis isn't it?

I shall of course keep in touch, however, and wherever possible, for I feel that we not only have the great possibility of doing great things, but eventually will accomplish great things.

later,

R.